

March 2025

SanFranciscoHerald.Net

Russian Hill Upholstery & Décor is still located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill.

At the Warfield: Franz Ferdinand, 3/28. Jboog, 4/3. Poison the Well, 4/5. Boywithuke, 4/7. Darkside, 4/8. The Prodigy, 4/13-14.

Live music on weekend afternoons at Café International in the Lower Haight.

The Gods Hate Kansas, The Secretions, The Jocks, The Kablamies, Rag Tag Unit, The Sidekicks, The Jerkoffs. Corner of Sanchez & Clipper, 2PM. (The flier says it's on Sunday, 4/11. But 4/11 is on a Friday.)

Last issue I mentioned that the long overdue crackdown on illegal immigration won't affect food prices very much, as only about 4 percent of illegal aliens work in the fields. The price of fuel, used to transport food, is a better indicator of food prices. Though you still see news reports where farmers are interviewed, claiming they can't find Americans to pick crops, so they have to employ illegals. Reporters never seem to follow up with the obvious question. Why can't they find Americans to pick crops?

This may have something to do with it. In 1970, only one percent of Americans got at least a quarter of their income from government (i.e. taxpayer funded) assistance. Now 53 percent of them do.

On a similar note, go online and read "Could the Hardcore Homeless Save the Wine Industry?" by Susan Dyer Reynolds, which ran in last month's Marina Times (marinatimes.com). She suggests that Mayor Lurie do what FDR did during the Great Depression. Give the destitute government (i.e. taxpayer funded) jobs. Back then the unemployed living in Hoovervilles would have jumped at the chance to get paid to pick grapes, get food, and have a roof over their heads. All these bums living in tent cities on the streets nowadays could have the same new deal. Though she knows it will never happen as the homeless industrial complex won't let it. And today's tent dwellers wouldn't work even if you paid them in meth.

Lonely All My Life By Ace Backwords

It's weird. I'll often have hundreds of conversations with people on social media or email. But I often go days — or even weeks — without talking to anyone in real life. Aside from small talk with clerks at stores, but that really doesn't qualify as conversations... I gave up a long time ago



wondering if it's weird. It just is. It's just how I am. . .

Of course I get lonely sometimes. But I've been lonely all my life. Even when I was surrounded by a lot of people, I was still lonely. So I just accept that as the way it is, too. Someone once quipped: "Relationships on social media are to real relationships what masturbation is to having actual sexual intercourse." But yeah, I've been there and done that one, too.

I used to have a fairly normal social life. And I had best friends, and girlfriends, and casual friends, and a circle of friends, and all that. And I'd regularly meet new people. And connect with them to varying degrees. But sometime around 15 years ago, I noticed I was starting to retreat from people more and more. It's like I got more guarded. And I felt more and more uncomfortable when people started getting close to me. I started withdrawing more and more from the world. Becoming more reclusive. In the evening I wanted nothing more than to find a secluded place by myself, as far from the maddening crowd as I could get. And just sit there by myself, sipping on a beer, attending to my solitary thoughts. Part of it was, I guess, that I was generally able to entertain and amuse myself. What can I say, I generally enjoy my own company. I always had a very active inner life. And I get a certain amount of stimulation and excitement from my own thinking. Or I would play out in my head the scenes from my past like these weird epic movies. And the ticket price was free of charge.

But part of the reason for my withdrawal from other people . . . it was the realization that I simply wasn't very good at relating to other people. In my relationships, I had been

a right bastard in a lot of ways. And had hurt, and maybe even damaged, some of the people who had been closest to me. . . And I had also been burned badly myself, by plenty of the bastards I had had the misfortune to have run into over the years. . . In a way, it was simpler to just be by myself. I didn't get enmeshed in other people's problems. And they didn't get enmeshed in mine. It was simpler to just sort out my own karma when it wasn't entangled in somebody else's karma.

And maybe some of it, too, is the feeling you can get as you get older: "You're born alone, you live alone, and you die alone." In the end you can't take anybody with you (though there are a couple I might like to, heh heh). It's just you and your soul in the end. And you realize there's nothing you can really hold onto in the end in this transitory world. Family and friends come and go. And in the end it's just you and your soul (for lack of a better word), facing eternity.



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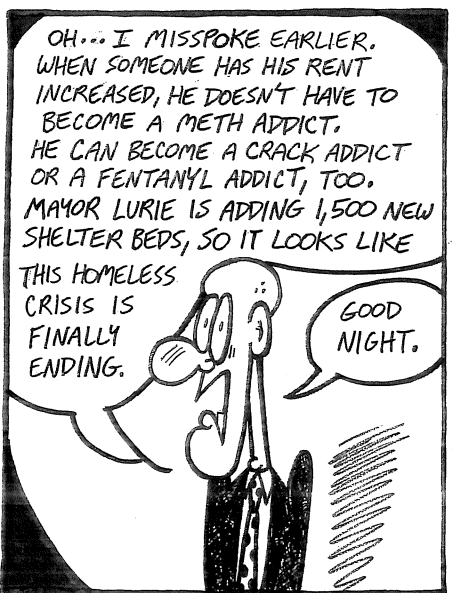
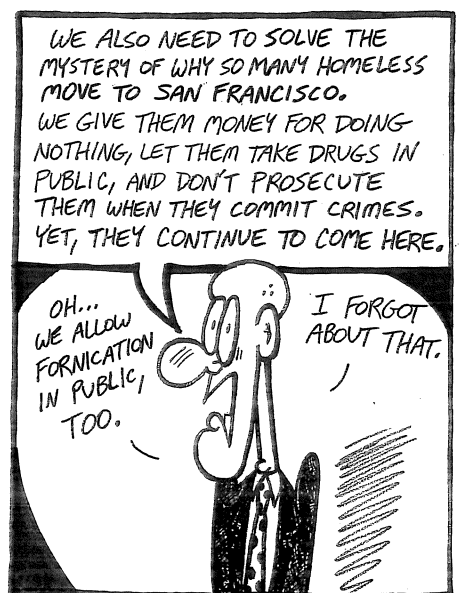
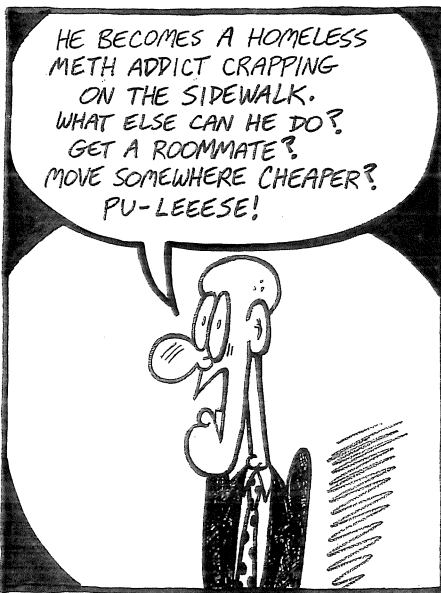
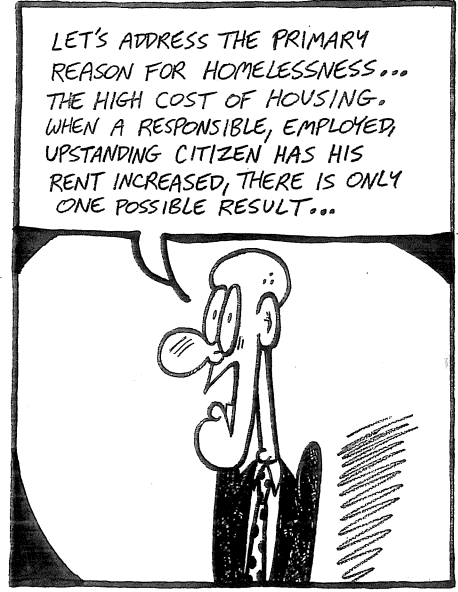
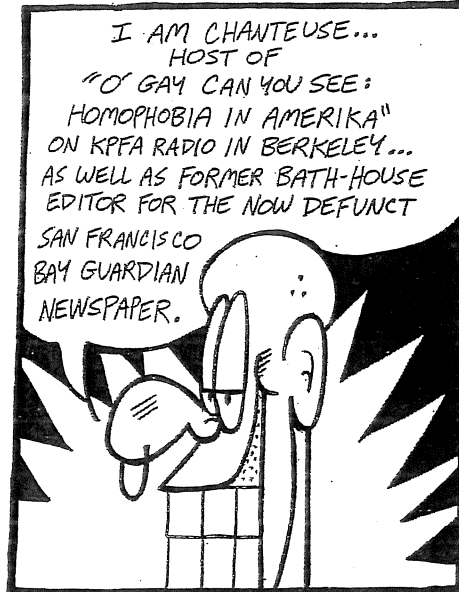
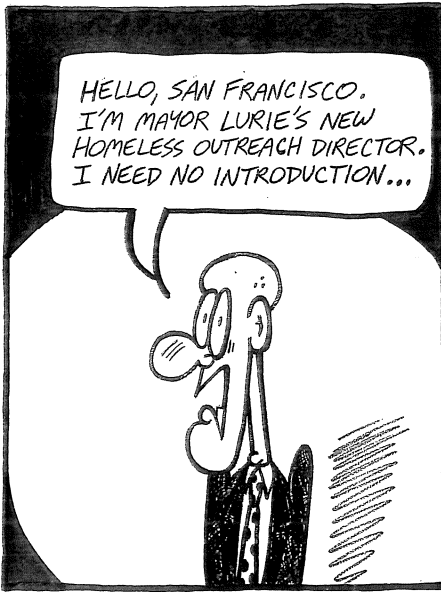
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